

## Social and Personal.

The marriage celebration of Miss Charlotte Brown Claybrook to Dr. Hunter Holmes McGuire will take place at 10.30 P. M. today in the home of the bride's cousin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Christian, No. 315 South Third Street.

Miss Claybrook is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Claybrook, of Westmoreland county, and has a great many friends in Richmond.

The prospective groom is the son of Dr. William McGuire and Mrs. McGuire, of Winchester, and the nephew of the great Confederate surgeon, whose name he bears. He stands unusually high in the profession, and is the president of the Winchester Memorial Hospital. Owing to the prominence of the contracting parties and their widespread family connections, the ceremony will be witnessed by a throng of relatives and a few intimates. An informal reception for these and for the bridal party will be held after the marriage.

### Receives Her Diploma.

Miss Bessie T. Barber, who has been in New York for the past two years, studying art, has received her diploma, having accomplished in two years a three years' course.

In addition to this, she has won at the various exhibitions a medal and an honorable mention.

Miss Barber's course during the past term has included drawing in life class, under George W. Breck; still life, in color, R. Swain Gifford, instructor; modeling in bas-relief from life, under George T. Brewster, and art history, E. A. Richardson, lecturer.

The year previous her course consisted chiefly in modeling and drawing from cast in the preparatory and advanced antique classes, and in the study of anatomy and perspective.

Miss Barber, after returning to her home in Richmond, goes to the Cape Cod School of Art, Provincetown, Mass., for a few weeks of out-of-door sketching in color, under Charles W. Hawthorne.

She will stop en route at Worcester, Mass., for the summer at Grand Institute, where her sister, Miss Louise Barber, has been studying during the past session.

### Entertain Bridal Party.

A very handsome supper will be given the Lloyd-Noel bridal party and a few intimate friends by Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Noel, in their home, No. 113 North Morris Street, this evening.

Parlor and dining-room decorations will be altogether in pink. La France roses and maiden hair ferns, carrying out the color scheme. A plaque of the roses fringed with ferns will make the centerpiece of the table, set in silver and cut-glass and lighted with pink-shaded wax tapers, in silver candlesticks.

Guests will be Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Noel, Mrs. Asa Snyder, Mrs. Herbert J. Weisger, Miss Annie Lee Snyder, Miss Ellie Storie Noel, Miss Madge Weisger, Miss Marie Young, Miss Nora Weisger, Miss Alice Yancey, Miss Annie Keane, Miss Michael McLean, Miss Myrtle Red, Miss Mattie Mayo, Miss Bessie Rountree, Mr. Elphalett Andrews Lloyd, of New York; Mr. William Guy Phillips, of New York; Mr. G. J. Snyder, Mr. Lewis Harvie, of Motto; Mr. W. A. Wilkey, of King William county; Mr. Louis G. Shaw, of Herbert E. Wel-

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## POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

No. 211.

### "Trust in God and Do the Right."

BY McLEOD.

Norman McLeod was born in Campbelltown, Scotland, in 1812, and died in 1872. He was graduated at Glasgow College in 1831 and later at the divinity school in Edinburgh. He was one of the founders of the Evangelical alliance, and wrote several books of the same class. In 1851 he assumed a pastorate in Glasgow, where he accomplished a great deal of good. He was also a member of the Free Church of Scotland. In 1851 he was appointed chaplain to the queen, who expressed admiration for his sermons in her published journal and placed two beautiful windows to his memory in Crathie Church.



COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,  
Though thy path be dark as night;  
There's a star to guide the humble—  
"Trust in God, and do the right."  
Though the road be long and dreary,  
And the goal be out of sight,  
Foot it bravely, strong or weary;  
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish policy and cunning,  
Perish all that fears the light;  
Whether losing, whether winning,  
"Trust in God, and do the right."  
Fly all forms of guilty passion,  
Fiends can look like angels bright;  
Heed no custom, school or fashion;  
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,  
Some will flatter, some will slight;  
Cease from man, and look above thee;  
"Trust in God, and do the right."  
Simple rule and surest guiding,  
Inward peace and shining light,  
Star upon our path abiding—  
"Trust in God, and do the right."

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each day.

of the bride's aunt, Miss B. T. Goulding, No. 21 West Clay Street. The young couple are very popular among their respective circles, and the marriage is an event of interest.

### Moonlight Excursion.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of the First Baptist Church will give a moonlight excursion Thursday night, June 16th, down the river and return. Among the chaparrans will be Mrs. T. M. Jeffries, Mrs. C. E. Wingo and Mrs. Archie Patterson.

### Personal Mention.

Mrs. William McGuire, of Winchester, Va., and her daughters, Misses Lella, Laura, Evie and Willie McGuire, are in Richmond to attend the marriage of Dr. Hunter Holmes McGuire, Mrs. McGuire's son, to Miss Charlotte Claybrook at 8.30 o'clock this evening.

Mrs. Edgar A. Pole, of Hot Springs, Va., the sister of the bride, is here to witness the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Stovall and little son, are at Virginia Beach for a week or longer.

Miss Marie Young, of Washington, will reach Richmond today as the guest of Mrs. George Elliott, on West Grace Street. Miss Young, who is a talented musician, is a cousin of Mr. Elphalett Andrews Lloyd, whose marriage to Miss Ellie Storie Noel will be celebrated at 8.30 o'clock this evening.

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In New York, has sufficiently recovered to leave the hospital, and, in company with Miss Ellen Glasgow and Mrs. Cary Glasgow McCormick, her sisters, expects to return to Richmond next week.

Mr. G. G. Luce will summer at "Rose Retreat Farm," Goodland county, Va.

Miss Abbie and Miss Precious Moore are among the Richmond visitors at Warm Springs.

Mrs. C. R. Guy will spend the summer at Afton, Va.

Mr. A. R. Tatum will be in New Brunswick, New Jersey, for the next two months.

Mrs. Henry D. Perkins and children left Monday night for Lynchburg, Va. Mrs. Perkins will spend the summer in Lynchburg and in Nelson county.

Mr. Henry Stuart has gone to Philadelphia. When he returns next week he will bring Mrs. Stuart, who has quite recovered, back with him.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, who has been spending some time with friends in Richmond, has left for Ocean View. Miss Julia Christian and Mr. Jackson Christian are with their grandmother, at Ocean View.

Mrs. Houston, of Charlottesville, Va., will visit her father, Mr. F. T. Glasgow, during the summer, as her many friends will be glad to note.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Ethel Anson Steel and Mr. William Foster Thompson, of Germantown, Pa. Miss Steel is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Steel, of Mount Airy, Pa., and a sister of Mrs. Berkeley Williams, of this city.

Mrs. E. O. Nolting and the Misses Nolting will go for the summer to their country home, in Albemarle county.

Mr. Elphalett Andrews Lloyd and Mr. William G. Steel, of New York, will reach Richmond today. Mr. Lloyd's marriage to Miss Noel will take place to-morrow.

At the wedding of Miss Elsie Montgomery Whitney to Mr. Harold Ely Grier, which will take place today at "Gilmerswood," the Whitney home at Morrisstown, N. J., the relatives and intimate friends present will witness the novel spectacle of a bride wedded sitting in a chair.

Miss Whitney's ankle was lately fractured in a runaway accident.

The large reception which was to have followed the marriage of Miss Violeta to Mr. John Ross DeLafield, in New York yesterday, was abandoned on account of the death of Miss White's aunt, Miss Susan White, which occurred in England a short time since. New York society was much disappointed over the change of plans.

To-day is the date fixed for the wedding of Miss Lucy Carter Byrd to Dr. Ellsworth Elliot, Jr.

The ceremony will be performed in the Church of the Episcopate, New York, by Miss Byrd, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Byrd, and related to the Virginia Byrds, will have only one attendant, Miss Louise Robinson. Dr. Elliot has selected Dr. Benjamin H. Tilton as his best man.

The most interesting wedding of the season, that of Miss Elsie Whelan to Mr. Robert Goette, of New York, took place yesterday in St. Mary's Church, Wayne, Pa.

Miss Lydia Marx, the daughter of Captain Marx, of the Minneapolis, is the guest of Mrs. Robert G. Cabell, at No. 1500 Grove Avenue.

Mrs. Garrett Wall and children have gone to Mayville, Ky., to visit friends. Mr. Wall will go to the St. Louis Exposition, and does not expect to return to Richmond until late in October.

Mrs. Sophie White and Miss Sadie Sutton are among the young ladies who will attend the University of Virginia finals.

Mrs. Alma Cecil, the daughter of Rev. Dr. Russell Cecil, is now at home, after a winter spent at school in Staunton, Va.

Mrs. Rebe Glasgow, who has been ill

was not up until the week after next.

Jocelyn turned away, apparently to close the window. She hesitated. She could not tell him what had brought them back sooner—what had demanded of Maurice Gordon the sacrifice of ten days of his holiday.

"We do not always take our full term," she said, vaguely.

And he never saw it. The vanity of man is a strange thing. It makes him see intentions that were never conceived; and without vanity to guide his perception man is as blind a creature as walks upon this earth.

"However," he said, as if to prove his own sanity, "and selfishly very glad that you had to come back sooner. Not only on account of the delicious—must ask you to believe that. Did my eye brighten at the mention of Portnum & Mason? I am afraid it did."

She laughed merrily. She did not pause to think that it was to be her daily task to tend him and help to make him stronger in order that he might go away without delay. She only knew that every moment of the next few weeks was being a part of a greater happiness than she had ever tasted. As we get deeper into the slough of life most of us learn to be thankful that the future is hidden—some of us recognize the wisdom and the mercy which decree that even the present be only partly revealed.

"As a matter of fact," she said, lightly, "I suppose that you loathe all food?"

"Loathe it," he replied. He was still looking at her, as if in endeavor of gathering up some morsel of which he had spoken. "Simply loathe it. All Joseph's tact and patience are required to make me eat even eleven meals in the day. He would like thirteen."

At this moment Maurice came in. Maurice—heartily, eager, full of life. He blustered in almost as Joseph had prophesied, kicking the furniture, throwing his own vitality into the atmosphere. Jocelyn knew that he liked Jack. She knew that he loved her. She knew, namely, that Maurice Gordon was a different man when Jack Meredith was in Loango. From Meredith's presence he seemed to gather a sense of security and comfort even as she did a sense of security and comfort from her presence (for women analyze love), but which in her brother puzzled her.

"Well, old chap," said Maurice, "glad to see you. I am glad to see you. Thank Heaven, you were bowled over by that confounded malaria, for otherwise we should have missed you."

"That is one way of looking at it," answered Meredith. But he did not go so far as to say that it was a way which had not previously suggested itself to him.

"Of course it is. The best way. I take it. Well—how do you feel? Come, you don't look so bad."

"Oh—much better, thank you. I have got splendidly the last week, and better still the last five minutes! The worst of it is that I shall be getting well too soon, and shall have to be off."

"Home?" inquired Maurice, significantly.

Jocelyn moved uneasily.

"Yes, home."

"We don't often hear people say that

best preserved by keeping them in airtight tin cans.

After using fat for deep frying, turn it in a bowl of hot water, stir well and set aside to cool. When cold, the clarified fat can be removed in a cake from the top of the water.

The green crown on the top of pineapples should be twisted off. The fruit is not to be used at once, as it must be left on the fruit after it is ripe, will absorb both flavor and juice.

The white of an egg added to cream will not alter the flavor, though increasing the quantity, and will cause it to whip to a froth more readily.

By cutting old potatoes into very small balls, allowing them to soak for three or four hours in cold water, then boiling in cold water and serving with gravy or sauce, a very good substitute for new potatoes is obtained.

Land-mallows provides the base of a palatable catsup when mixed with a mustard after being smoothly mashed. Bake in a quick oven and add more mustard necessary after the first five minutes.

### ENGLISH EYELET WORK.

The English eyelet work, or broderie Anglaise, is the French origin of the delicate many of the trims and braidings, which can be just as beautifully executed with the oscillating stitch of the present day sewing machine as by hand. These will appear in the most intricate designs, which are delightfully simple to work with a needle and thread.

And these braidings and embroideries appear not only upon the gowns—whether those of the latest fashion and skirt variety, the shirt waist suit or the new princess model which the Parisian couturiers are turning out in linen—but being adapted in all the latest whims and fancies of dress, she has entire costume en suite, and so designs sufficient of the fancy work to permit a lady to wear a complete outfit of a lingerie hat, with quantities of lace to supplement her own handiwork.

### FOR EARLY MORNING WEAR.

For early morning wear, when mildness makes her tramps after health and complexion, the linen shirt waist is in high favor. Many are the little marks which enable the initiated to tell this year's suit from last year's.

The wrist puff has moved up considerably; the sleeve cap, both the real and the simulated, has disappeared; the belt is unobtrusively draped and points sharply to the front, and the skirt is cut much fuller, and must be short enough to display the shiny black leather shoe.

The pongees and their cousins german, the shantungs, are accorded a generous measure of favor for the early summer wear, and these the smart girl likes when fashioned in the little blouse coat and skirt, beneath which she wears the very simplest and sheerest of under-blouses. In these she runs to the extremes of bouffant, which, however, is not cleverly held in check, but the deftly fitted girdle, which is built up to suggest rather than reveal the dainty curves of her slender waistline.

### TWO ON A TOUR.

"Now this," remarked the man who walked with his feet upon the earth, "is something worth while. Been a lot of time and cement sold by somebody or other to pay for all this."

"Look to me," remarked she who walked with her head in the clouds, "as if God Almighty had had a hand in this. There's a hillside that would drive an artist to despair with its perfect sweep and undulation, graced over with an emerald green of velvet softness, with the red Don cattle lying so satisfactorily on its peaceful slope, and the grey sheep browsing so contentedly among the daffies and buttercups."

"And those trees! if they don't strike a chord of praise in every human heart, it's because the heart is dead to beauty. Say you ever such majesty of shape and size and ledge as is given to these oaks and beeches? And look at the horse-chestnuts brimming over with pink and white blooms, and growing (as the tree should) away to the turf. But if you don't care for the pyramid-shaped blossom or the perfect symmetry of that tree, you see to these other things, which are fringed against the mansion with their lovely drooping sprays of clear yellow, popularly called 'showers of gold,' or those magnificent maroon copper beeches, or prettiest of all, the pink hawthorn, so cozy, so nestling."

"And the shrubs! the dominating touch to the landscape garden, look at that sweet church in the corner of the park, literally clothed in ivy, with a perfect background of embossment trees and shrubs galore—rhododendron, genista, syringa and clumps of sweet-smelling and early flowering bushes. The things in their gardens here in England

are they sorry to leave Loango," said Maurice.

"I will oblige you whenever you are taken with the desire," answered Jack, lightly. "Loango has been a very good friend to me. But I am afraid there is no choice. The doctor speaks very plain words about it. Besides, I am bound to go home."

"To sell the Simiacine?" inquired Maurice.

"Yes."

"Have you the second crop with you?"

"Yes."

"And the trees have improved under cultivation?"

"Yes," answered Jack, rather wonderingly. "You seem to know a lot about it."

"Of course I do," replied Maurice, boisterously.

"From Durmovo?"

"Yes, he even offered to take me into partnership."

Jack turned on him in a flash. "Did he, indeed? On what conditions?"

"And then, when it was too late, Maurice was his usual wayward. It was the first time that the exuberance of his nature had got him into a difficulty."

"Oh, I don't know," he replied, vaguely. "It's a long story. I'll tell you about it some day."

Jack would have left it there for the moment. Maurice Gordon had made his meaning quite clear by glancing significantly towards his sister. Her presence, he intimated, debarred further explanation.

She shrewdly suspected the nature of the bargain proposed by Durmovo, and a sudden desire possessed her to have it all out—to drag this skeleton forth and shake it. It was Jack Meredith's face, she shamed. It all would have a certain sweetness behind its bitterness; because, forsooth, Jack Meredith alone was to witness the shame. She did not pause to define the feeling that rose suddenly in her heart. She did not know that. She knew that she was proud of her love—the desire that Jack Meredith, though he would never love her, should know once for all that such a man as Victor Durmovo could be nothing but repugnant to him.

"If you mean," she said, "that you cannot tell Mr. Meredith because I am here, you need not hesitate on that account."

Maurice laughed awkwardly, and muttered something about matters of business. He was not good at this sort of thing. Besides, there was the initial handicapping knowledge that Jocelyn was so much cleverer than himself.

"Whether it is a matter of business or not," he cried with glittering eyes, "I want you to tell Mr. Meredith now. He has a right to know. Tell him upon what condition Mr. Durmovo proposed to admit you into the Simiacine."

Maurice still hesitated, bewildered, at a loss—such as men are when a seemingly secret is suddenly discovered to the world. He would still have tried to fend it off; but Jack Meredith, with his keen perception, said, "You are determined to let me further delay would only make the matter worse."

"If your sister wants it," he said, "you had better tell me. I am not the sort of

## Burk Tailored

## Elegant Suits!

**\$7.50, \$10, \$12.50.**

From broken lots; worth from \$12.50 to \$22.00. In order to dispose of these broken lines as quickly as possible, we have applied the never-failing remedy—PRICE REDUCTION—and to such an extent has this been carried that actual cost of production has been surpassed.

**BURK & CO.,** 1003 East Main Street.

### DAILY FASHION HINTS.

#### GIRL'S FROCK.



No. 4547—Among the many pretty designs for the little miss, none are prettier than those having a pretty bertha. When the bertha is so arranged as to give length to the waist, it is unusually becoming. In the model, shown here, the waist is made with two broad pleats turning back from the front panel. The skirt is full, the panel effect being formed by backward turning tucks. The little dress may be cut away at the yoke, and worn with or without the gimp.

A charming development would be of white linen, making trimming bands and yoke of blue polka dot canvas or linen. Blue is only a suggestion as any favorite color may be used. Red would be very attractive on a natural color linen.

The model is one that is suitable for almost any kind of material, silk, cotton or wool, and is as pretty when finished by stitching as by lace or bands.

Material required for medium size, 5 yards, 36 inches wide.

Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 years.

On receipt of 10 cents this pattern will be sent to any address. All orders must be directed to THE LITTLE FOLKS PATTERN CO., Nos. 126-140 West Twenty-third Street, New York. When ordering, please do not fail to mention number and to indicate that this coupon is from The Times-Dispatch.

Size.....  
Name.....  
Address.....

Address.....